EARLY CITY HISTORY
By Miss Elizabeth Nunemacher

Early City History. Miss Elizabeth Nunemacher, of this city, recently wrote a sketch of Patrick Shields, her great-grandfather, in response to a request received from Dr. Eggleston of Hampden-Sydney College, who wished to know the attitude of this New Albany pioneer resident towards slavery. This article, which also includes some interesting letters, was published in the Indianapolis Star by Kate Milner Rabb in her "Hoosier Listening Post" column and is reprinted in The Tribune for the benefit of its many readers who enjoy reading about the early residents and history of New Albany.

"Patrick Shields brought a black boy, Sam, here with him (to Georgetown, Ind.)," she says, "in 1814, but he was never referred to as a slave, and it was traditional that Patrick S. was responsible for the slavery section of the constitution of Indiana, yet I could not trace any facts substantiating that. But his father-in-law, Clement Nantz, was the first preacher in Indiana territory, and sent at least twenty freed slaves to Liberia."

Miss Nunemacher inclosed a letter written to the daughter of Patrick Shields, Catherine, who married the Rev. John McCrae, whose story illustrates the varied types of our pioneers. He was born near Wigtown, Scotland, and while a boy herded sheep on the celebrated Mt. Cairnamuir. His family, Coventers, worshipped on the hillside as was the custom and later his father moved to Ayrshire farm, near the home of Robert Burns.

"John McCrae was never inside a church until he was 11 years old. He went to Glasgow at 16 and learned to be a saddler. He came to America in 1842, decided to become a minister and entered Nashville (Tenn.) College, where he studied Latin and Greek at the age of 24. He graduated there and afterwards at the Theological Seminary at New Albany, Ind. He began to preach at Reheboth, Harrison county, Indiana, while still a student, at the age of 30 years and continued as a minister and home missionary for forty years.

"He graduated on April 30, 1851, and the next day was married to Miss Catherine Shields, daughter of Patrick. A few days later he and his bride proceeded to Texas, expecting to enter Mexico as missionaries as soon as the war among the Mexicans and the Comanche Indians was over. Overstudy had undermined his iron constitution and ill health compelled him to abandon his hope of labor in this benighted country. After four years of work in Texas he reluctantly returned to the North. Though never strong afterwards, he labored earnestly and consistently in Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, and Kansas. He never would accept work in a large city church, although such fields were frequently open to him. He said: "No, I started out to be a missionary; since I can not serve in the foreign field, I will go to the small and neglected churches where others

do not wish to serve." And this vow he kept. Many feeble churches were revived and built up, eight church buildings erected and several repaired.

"In December, 1863, the 3d Kentucky cavalry of the Union army, with Col. Eli Murray in command, invited him to become its chaplain. The regiment joined Kilpatrick's division of Sherman's army participating in many battles and marching through Georgia." A few days before the army started for the sea the regiment received nearly a year's pay. Not able to carry it with them and solicitous for the welfare of their families at home, they chose Mr. McCrae and he was ordered North with over $35,000 to be distributed through northern Kentucky and southern Indiana. The money was inclosed in envelopes with an address on the outside. These envelopes were packed in an old valise and carrying this in his hand and wearing the uniform of a private soldier, Chaplain McCrae started on this perilous mission. The story of his hairbreadth escape during the next six weeks would read like the adventures in a dime novel. As he was well known in the localities he had to visit, his work had to be done mostly by night. He was greatly assisted by the Negroes of that part of the country, whom he had befriended and to whom he had preached before the war. It is sufficient to say that every penny of the money reached the ones to whom it had been sent.

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"As he could not rejoin Sherman's army he was placed on duty as chaplain in barracks No. 1 and exchange barracks in Louisville, Ky. He served here until the war was over. After it was over, he served churches in Floyd, Orange, Washington and Harrison counties. While at Reheboth Church, a fall from his horse crippled him for life. In spite of his infeebled condition, he persisted in preaching, sometimes walking on crutches twelve miles to fill an appointment. He moved to Kansas, in 1879 and died there in 1890." (to be cont'd)

- *New Albany Tribune 24 December 1934, p. 2, col. 4*

Early City History. Continuing the Patrick Shields story written by Miss Elizabeth Nunemacher and used in "The Hoosier Listening Post' column in the Indianapolis Star, Kate Milner Rabb says:

"Rev. John McCrae married the daughter of Patrick Shields in April, 1851, and the next month started to Mexico, where Dr. McCrae hoped to become a missionary. The following letter is dated May 27, 1851, and was written to her aunt, mother of Prof. Charles Woodruff Shields of Princeton."

"Dear Aunt: Separated as I am from those I love so dearly, it has been a delight to converse with them in this, the only way, though this one-sided conversation is not so agreeable as when face to face we talked together. But we must be content with this for the present. Often I remember the happy hours we spent when last together and the kind advice you gave me.

"Though I have become quite a traveler for the short time since I left home, I find my thoughts invariably turning to my dear friends, and especially when I see anything new and interesting, till Mr. McCrae has remarked, "You must be thinking of home continually; you are constantly talking about them.' For instance, when I saw prickly pears growing wild in quantities, covering four or five feet with leaves more than a foot broad and in full bloom, I could not avoid exclaiming, "This would please Aunt Hannah.' Then I was informed that more than fifty species of the cactus grew wild in the prairies.

"We have not found a halting place for a week or two in San Antonio. It was our intention when we left home to go by the way of Point Isabel to Brownsville thence to Rio Grande City, but we were disappointed in getting a vessel to that place. Preferring to go on, we went to Galveston, where we spent the Sabbath, and then came on to Indianola, where we took staging for this place, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and which took us three days and a half to accomplish. We are not yet decided by what way we shall proceed to Rio Grande, but if we go from here to Brownsville with a company which will start from here in a few days, we will find a new mode of traveling – that is, in one of the government wagons, and will camp out nights.

"I am fond of novelty and have already tried several modes of traveling as well as accommodation in the way of eating and sleeping, and all have served for amusement, though I have seen great changes from the comforts of home.

"I have sent a brief and rather uninteresting account of our journey to mother as I had so poor an opportunity to write. It would amuse you to see us sometimes getting out of the stage at the request of the driver, expecting he had come to some dangerous place in the road, then to find it was only to plod along through deep sand some fifty yards or more to save his horses. To explain – in all the way from Indianola, 150 miles, the horses are changed but twice and then they are driven daily.

"At this season the prairies are most beautiful – flowers of every hue and trees standing alone here and there – able to see eighteen or twenty miles off. I

could not but admire and look from nature up to nature's God in adoration. 'Oh, Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all.'

"I can truly say that I have never felt more cheerful and truly happy in my life. I look backward and see how many mercies have been bestowed upon me and not the least the kind instruction of my dear parents, the affection of so many friends, the Sabbath school which I so dearly love, and the preaching of the blessed gospel in that old meeting house where I received my first serious impressions through Dr. Wood. Oh the debt of gratitude I owe our heavenly Father can never be repaid; but I rejoice to think of the future with the hope that we may be enabled to so some little good in the name of Christ."

The continuation of this letter will appear soon in The Tribune. (To Be Continued)

- *New Albany Tribune 27 December 1934, p. 2, col. 2*

Early City History. A description of San Antonio is given in the conclusion of the letter written by Catherine Shields McCrae in 1851 to her aunt, Mrs. Charles Woodruff Shields and which appeared in a previous issue of The Tribune. The interesting letter is part of a series of articles written by Miss Elizabeth Nunemacher, of this city, and published by Kate Milner Rabb in "The Hoosier Listening Post" column in the Indianapolis Star.

"When I look around me here and see the condition of these poor Mexicans, the Sabbath so profaned, the spirit of money making so predominant as though their very life depended on it, my heart is pained, but my anxiety redoubled to be able to do something more. I shall endeavor to learn the Spanish language soon.

"But I had forgotten to tell you how we are situated here. In the first place, to speak of the city. This is the great metropolis of Texas, where most of the trade with Mexico is carried on, where men who love money come to realize good profits on their goods. For instance, a lady told me that the most common bedsteads would bring ten and twelve dollars, and that for a common little sewing chair she paid twelve dollars. Irish potatoes bring two dollars a bushel. We paid in the hotel here (which mother can describe to you) one dollar and a half per day apiece. I have seen large Irish potatoes of six weeks' growth upon the table.

"San Antonio has the most singular appearance of any place I ever saw. Mud houses covered with straw, narrow streets, and black faces. The American houses, though many of them mud, are generally neat. The streets run in no particular way but just to suit the people. Fences are made of rails placed perpendicularly in the ground and close as possibly, and roped together to insure it standing.

"We are residing opposite the Alamo, where Col. Crockett fell, and which is now occupied by the troops stationed here. It is a large building, intended originally for a monastery and surely was meant to be strong, for the walls are five or six feet thick. This city has changed hands no less than twenty-three times in the last thirty years, so a gentleman told me who has been here all that time.

The family here is a very pleasant one from New York, a Mr. Giddings. His lady was a Miss Sloan. They have one child. To be in a private family once more is very pleasant. Our room is a little one with one window, a door, a couple of chairs, a table, and a row of shelves and a bed. There is no carpet, but the nice white floor and the clean bed (I am happy to add free from bugs) serve us very well indeed. I remarked to Mr. McCrae that this resembled the prophet's chamber on the wall (this is a wing on one corner) only the prophet's chamber had no bookshelves, but he concluded the woman thought he did not need them.

"Corn grows here, Mr. Giddings says, sometimes as high as fifteen feet. I expect some think we exaggerate but several have said they would almost fear to tell the whole for they would not be believed. A farmer told us that one of his

chickens cost him as much as five of his cows. You see, the cow may be turned onto the prairies where grass is green all the year and wild rye and corn grow, but the chickens must be fed.

"Well, I fear I may weary you by narrating things which may not be interesting to you. We are waiting patiently for the way to be opened to continue our journey as we have yet more than 200 miles to go. Will it not be amusing to see us – Mr. McCrae riding a mule and I in an old covered wagon with a sunbonnet (which I made yesterday) in a company of mule drivers, etc. But I expect to try all the different modes of traveling between Louisville and the Rio Grande possible. You know when I write my biography it will add to the interest of it. Do you not think with the past I might write a book?

"I wrote mother that I thought Mr. McCrae had the cholera while we were traveling. He says he fears she will be uneasy about him. Please tell her he is well though weak and that we are trying to be prudent; not to be anxious about us. That we are happy and enjoy each other's company more and more every day. I am so blest that I can not but be happy.

"I should like to hear how Anna Perry is. I feel anxious about her. She was one of my scholars. Please give Dr. and Mrs. Wood and Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and my dear friends whom I can not name separately my love. I should like to see you all again but I have a work to do. Still the hope that we may meet again is cheering." After other messages she adds, "Dear Aunt, will you and Uncle remember us in prayer? We have many difficulties and dangers beside that of the Indians (though we do not fear them much). We need all the assistance we can obtain for we are weak."

Commenting on this correspondence, Mrs. Rabb says:

"A very well written letter for a young woman of the 'Western wilds' – the handwriting beautiful and clear and very regular – one wonders at its perfection when it is remembered that it was written with a quill pen and homemade ink in that little 'chamber over the gate.' And it is pleasing to know that its writer casts back, after all, to those friends of her girlhood. Had she ever written that book she mentions, it would surely have been interesting! (THE END)

- *New Albany Tribune 28 December 1934, p. 2, col. 2*

CARLETON LETTERS. The Tribune reprints a series of articles from "Hoosier Listening Post" column of Kate Milner Rabb in the Indianapolis Star. These articles are based on the scrap book of letters of the late Emma Carleton, recently prepared by her sister, Elizabeth Nunemacher. The excerpts from these letters written in New Albany, about the town, the surrounding country, and its people will be intensely interesting to New Albany folk who know the writer and her charming literary style. To others who did not enjoy that privilege the articles will serve as a fine picture of the New Albany of a few years ago. The articles will be published in installments.

INSTALLMENT ONE. "Don't you love to write letters. I do – even the poor ones slide off the pen so easily – wish I had a syndicate of rich old ladies with nobody to write letters to them and I could write them letters – if they liked my kind at a fair price per burst of nonsense and miscellany. 'Miscellany' is our family forte; I've never arrived and I know why – because I've taken all the roads at once and have 'nosed up' every cross road along the way besides. Who could ever get anywhere acting like that?"

Thus wrote Emma Carlton of New Albany to a friend in June, 1907. And this letter, with many others, have been collected recently and arranged in scrap books by her sister, Elizabeth Nunemacher of New Albany and Louisville, and loaned to me. More delightful reading can not be imagined. Her characteristic handwriting – no one who saw it once could ever forget it – makes reading easy. Wide-spaced, large letters, well formed. It is as easy to read as print – easier than some print – and is so characteristic of her that one seems to be listening to her talk. The letters are full of allusions to the books of the time, full of pictures of the country, of bits of old New Albany, of the many characters she knows. "Hard times" take their toll, her deafness complicated by vertigo – the same trouble from which Dean Swift suffered grew worse, but still she could see the funny side of life, and she could write letters which brought her interesting replies.

"From all that you said, it seems to me that there is more of agreement than of difference between us. We seem to prize the same authors, new and old, and the same values, wrote Henry M. Alden, long editor of Harper's Magazine, on September 27, 1900.

Elizabeth, my younger sister, and I have just had a week in the country," she writes in a letter chosen at random, "out at Murphy's. I wish I could write a column out at Murphy's. Murphy's live on top of the highest hill around here" (one of the range called Silver Hills) "about six hundred feet. They call their place 'Summit." It is an old French farmhouse (there was an early French settlement near New Albany), built by a Frenchman named Brevett. His old grape vines are still across the front yard and out along the road that goes to the lovely wild old woods.

"Wonderful rolling country all around – dips and terraces of trees on every side. The old George Rogers Clark trail to Vincennes goes by the rail fence at

the front of the place. I found a tall hedge of green trees with a rail fence embedded in the middle of it; climbed a tree to cut a bitter sweet snake which had wood round it and the rural delivery postman went by on the trail without seeing me up the tree.

"The old house has a porch all across the front with everybody's favorite rocking chair out there, and the wide old hall and wide steps with an old spinning ----" Here a page is missing, but she continues the narrative of the Murphys on another page. "Elizabeth says Mrs. Murphy's pies ought never to be cut - they ought to be eaten whole (everybody have one) in slow bites with "music behind the palms." The family 'didn't eat with the boarders' and we didn't blame them. One Irish typewriter girl from Louisville made us laugh in the middle of the night. She had three rounds of everything from chicken to pie with molasses and chili sauce mixed in. I called her "The Demolisher," but Elizabeth called her "Checkers". She wore a mussy black and white plaid dress; all the time – poor thing! - she came to dinner with her shirtwaist tails hanging out. We liked her, though, and had gay sport with her she was so exquisitely natural. She banged the old piano every night so it sounded like a dog barking and sang "I'll Meet You in St. Louis at the Fair! On Sunday, though, she tucked in her shirt waist tails and dutifully plodded off two miles along a lovely road to the quaint old Catholic church, St. Mary's in the Woods. We walked around to see this old church, built by Father Louis Neyron, a French priest, who was a surgeon in Napoleon's army.

"The Murphys have rag rugs everywhere, a copper luster pitcher, and an old glass powder horn on the parlor mantel. Wonderful old carved-back chairs in the dining room – I made a fuss when I didn't get one of them. I forgot to tell you that we went out 'in the stage' - four horses - and came back in a stage – three horses, one tandem - and got off at the Mooresville post office. My telescope bag fell off on the road. Murphys have promised to let us come back another week in October – meanwhile I'm tearing up all my clothes and making rag rugs. I'm going to have an old bureau in my room with a brass candlestick on each end and rag rugs. You crochet the rugs with a wooden hook."

- *New Albany Tribune 29 December 1934, p. 2, col. 2*

CARLETON LETTERS. INSTALLMENT TWO. Eleven years later, in 1910, Emma Carleton of New Albany, one of whose letters describing a home on top of one of the highest knobs near New Albany at which she had spent a happy week appeared in this column yesterday, wrote a letter to one of the Murphy family, which had evidently moved away from New Albany. This letter contains some interesting bits about old chairs and about old river house porches.

"Today I was thinking of that blessed old porch to your delightful old French house out in Lafayette Township. What lovely times we had there, with all you nice Murphys. All day long there were some of us on that porch. You had such a fine, comfortable lot of rocking chairs. I remember the big, wide rustic chair with great affection – did you take it with you to Dakota? If not, where did it go?

"The Murphy chairs seemed like real people to me – how we do get to love chairs and how much individuality they have! I have one of father's chairs from the book store, (her father, John Nunemacher, had a book store in New Albany), one of Dr. Clapp's old hall chairs, a red wooden school house chair – your father will remember them – the teacher's chair with a round back. Also I have one of my grandfather's parlor chairs, one of my grandmother's, a pioneer chair that was Mrs. Croxall's and a big chair, I call our 'man chair' that was Mr. Croxall's – I dote on all these chairs!

"Well, I used to sit on your dear old porch behind the vines and read and knit and revel in your sunshine and your orchard and the Murphy wheat fields and the old yellow road and the green woods over beyond and the wagons passing and the cows and the three dogs and all the rest of it. And in the evenings how we all sat there and how we enjoyed it! The Murphy sky – oh what a sky you had, the biggest I ever saw – and the Murphy stars – the thickest and brightest I ever saw – and the lights over the distant town. And Murphy's good suppers and Leila at the piano – who has the old piano? And all our old tales and jokes and then good night. Wasn't it all lovely? And now not a sad but a happy memory, Gilbert Chesterton says "the secret of happiness is to play contented where we are with the few toys we have,' and I'm sure we all know how to do that.

"Do tell me what toys you all have at your new home. When I was out at Libbie's for a week I wrote over in E's bungalow and Libbie put a Murphy chair over there for me to sit in. I enjoyed it so much and patted it on the back 'quite frequent.' All your friends ask about you. Esther Shields and Miss Hattie (Scribner) always want to know about you.

"You know what nice old river porches they have across the back of their old house, three stories of them looking on the river. We have had happy times on those porches. They had long benches on them made when the porch was made – 1816 – and the ends of the porch upstairs are latticed in with real steamship shutters that will open and shut.

"It is dark now and I must go. Do write me a porch letter, Leila, about any old porch you have seen 'out there' or anywhere. And will you 'say hints' if I ask you to send this letter back to me? I want to write something about porches and can use part of this. Shep sends his love to you and Jocko and says porches are for dogs to lie on and get stepped on and scratch fleas on. Love to all the Murphys. I owe Alice a letter and mean to pay up soon. And is Mabel postmistress? Love to big Dick, little Dick, middle-sized Charles. Yours affectionately, E. C."

"P.S. This is terribly mixed up, but I think you will manage to 'climb out.' I must tell you about Mrs. Ziegelbaur's porch. Just for fun, she pretends to be psychic and when things don't go right in the house – pies act soggy or jelly won't 'jell' or family affairs get criss-cross, she says she rushes out on her porch, jumps up and down, clutches the air madly and says frantically: "Powers, I need help!! Come on, Powers! Come on Powers! Come on!' And she says that the 'Power's always 'come on' and make the pies bake at the bottom and the jelly jell and the family hubbub settle down. Isn't that awfully funny? By the way, they (the Z's) have gone west 'hunting a better place than New Albany'." In another letter she explains that Mrs. Ziegelbaur was a Chicago girl, Bertha Harbaugh, who came to New Albany to teach Delsarte in DePauw College.

"Every evening I go off and visit somewhere. In the winter we must stay at home more and I think the summer was made especially so that people who work hard during the day may sit under the trees in the evening or ramble round town and sit on other people's porches. As we have no front porch, Lisbeth and I call ourselves the porch climbers. Do write me a porch letter in return, dear Leila, and tell me how you get on without a porch to your dear little sod house – it is a frame house now, though, isn't it? It seems to me a sod house would be a delightful place to be in – does the grass keep green on the top of it – how lovely!"

- *New Albany Tribune 5 January1935, p. 2, col. 2*

CARLETON LETTERS. INSTALLMENT THREE. Those familiar with New Albany will remember Scribner Park named for the three brothers who founded the town in 1813, and the little drug store across from it, kept by Dr. Austin. One of Emma Carleton's letters is dated "Scribner Island, along shore on the raging Ohio" and she writes to a friend: "We are on an island and little Dr. Austin, one of my choice comrades, an old English druggist's son – himself a druggist and a nice little man, though E----- hates his side whiskers – named it Scribner Island in honor of the first settlers, Joel, Abner and Nathaniel Scribner, who came here in 1813.

"My great-grandfather, Patrick Shields, though, was already here, out beyond the hills. Georgetown way. Our island is bounded just now on the south by the Ohio, on the west by Falling Run Creek, on the north by Back Water, on the east by Silver Creek – really as Silver Creek and Falling Run interlace, we are always on an island. I love the thought of an island, don't you? Elizabeth says we ought to have an elephant – and we could carry a great lot of books in a howdah – is not that the thing on the top of the elephant's back – and we could go riding about, crashing through the woods on our island and reading and having the best old times!"

Once, when visiting in New Albany, Mrs. Carleton took me to visit Dr. Austin's drug store, with its fashioned drug store furnishings – the two huge bottles in the window, the shining brass ship scales and other pieces brought from England."

Interested as she was in the study of human nature, Mrs. Carleton always found much amusement on the ferryboat which plied the Ohio between Jeffersonville and Louisville before the day of the present bridge. In the following letter, written in July, 1907, she tells her correspondent of a new amusement she has discovered for herself;

"Well, I must tell you of my compensation for not getting away, but please don't tell it except to Mr. Jacques, of course. "Things get around" and to make it as lovely as it is, it has to be a secret.

"I've rented a ferryboat for a 'floating den' this summer. Isn't that magnorious? We have a new interurban line to Jeffersonville, five miles away, and on the ferryboat there one can ride on the upper deck as long as desired on the one 5-cent ticket. That is, you can stay on it hours if you don't get off on the other side. I had the idea one day to go several mornings in the week and read, make notes for my work, etc., and it is simply delightful. I can't tell you about it – did you see my "Ferryboat Round Trips" in the Sunday Journal (Indianapolis) the 12th, I think.

"This week I am going to write (sic) up the ferry at night. From wharf to wharf is one mile and a quarter. Always a fine breeze going, a lovely island in sight and two glorious bridges swinging around in view all the time. It is simply enchanting. We go at night, too, and come home at eleven. The lights of Louisville are beyond description. Curious people come and go; I never had so much pure 'human interest' so easily acquired.

"We have a bookish friend in Louisville who comes down to join us and we eat olives and crackers and call it our 'emigrants' picnic. About nine in the evening we can climb the Jeffersonville levee for ice cream and cake and then go back to our 'floating attic' until about half past ten. Isn't it a great invention? Perhaps I've never told you that I've had numb feelings in my face which alarmed me – this ferryboat gadding has much relieved my nervousness."

In another letter she tells of "a young uncle who died at twenty-three, my father's brother Vinton, who was a devoted astronomer; also he wrote music and poetry. As a school boy he carried his cap full of verses and written music – wasn't that lovely? He is remembered here as a prodigy. Died when I was only a year old, and was so popular from his charm as a companion that he left home and lived at a local college with the people there who were fond of him. At home he had a stepmother, I believe. The president of the college, Mr. John B. Anderson, was the man who lent Carnegie books at Pittsburgh and inspired him to make library gifts for the benefit of humanity. I remember Colonel Anderson very well; he has patted my head many a time – an elegant Pennsylvanian who had a college here twenty years. His wife Cecilia was an elegant old-time Southern woman and it was they who loved Uncle Vinton so. At home, Uncle Vinton is said to have had a violent temper and to have been generally disagreeable. I can fancy a high strong, artistic temper under the harassments of a commonplace stepmother and make allowances. We have a little old daguerreotype of 'Uncle Vin' which shows him in a striped dressing gown, a flowered vest, his hair tossed back from a beautiful brow, a frown over his eyes and his fingers in a half-open book. His hands were lovely – they make me mad – I have such square, common hands – I detest them. What business had a mere man with such high-bred looking hands?"

- New Albany Tribune 7 January 1935, p. 2, col. 5

CARLETON LETTERS. INSTALLMENT FOUR. Among the many side roads Mrs. Emma Carleton "nosed up", to use her own expression, was that of collecting old and rare books which, when she could bear to part with them, she disposed of to book collectors in the East, thus making many more friends and correspondents. Among her treasures were two old Ohio river pilot books which she sent me once when we were spending a few weeks on Silver Hills, bringing them up tied in a blue bandana handkerchief. "I'll let you have these if you will promise always to tie them up in the handkerchief when you are not reading them," she said. "That way, no one will be likely to steal them. And there's nobody else I'd let have them," she added. I enjoyed the curious old books and am reminded of them by a little story in her scrapbook which she says was written by an old river pilot.

"In 1870, John Scott Elder, an Ohio river pilot, born in 1802, wrote for his sons an account of early days in the west and southwest. From this unpublished journal is taken the following episode in connection with boys of that period."

What do you suppose became of that manuscript? In whose hands is it now?

"We were living at Natchez in 1812, and there was much rumor about the British coming up the river; my father was under the impression that Natchez would be taken and fall into the hands of the British and he concluded that he would move back to the states, as the upper country was called at that time. So he put his family in his stage coach – the same that he had been running out, to the barracks where Gen. Jackson's troops were quartered, and we weighted anchor and left for the upper country. We had to travel through two nations of Indians – first the Choctaw nation, then the Chickasaw nation, both friendly Indians. When we had got about one hundred and fifty miles into the Indian nation, one evening as we were about to camp for the night, we met a gentleman on his way down to Natchez. He asked my father if he had a passport. My father said he had not. He then told my father that he could not get past Dinsmore's about three miles ahead of us, as we had a Negro boy with us. The gentleman said he had been required to leave his three Negroes at Dinsmore's plantation and return to Natchez for a passport. This man Dinsmore had been placed on the only trail through the Indian nation by a late act of the state of Mississippi to stop all men traveling through the nation with Negroes and without a pass as slaves had been stolen of late and run off with north on that trail.

"This gentleman said he would go on and if father chose, he could overtake him in the morning. Father said he would be glad of his company and would do so. But when father and mother counseled together, mother would not agree that my father should go back to Natchez. The journey would require ten or twelve days, besides the expense, and the family left without protection in the wild woods of the Indian nation; though they were friendly tribes.

"Finally mother laid the plan. They called my oldest brother 14 years old and the black boy, Daniel, a little older, and told them what they had to do. They had to start about 12 o'clock that night and keep the road until they came in sight of Dinsmore's plantation; there was no other house and they could easily know when they reached it. Then they were to turn out, go through the dark woods behind the plantation and come into the road on the other side, keep along for two or three miles and hide themselves until we came up to them. The two boys said they could do it, so at 12 that night they left us.

"The next morning, we made an early start, all very apprehensive of some danger to the boys from beasts, Indians or losing their way. We reached Dinsmore's very early in the morning; the gentleman came down the lane to the road before his house and saluted my father and mother very politely. He said there were some very bad mudholes on the road and that he would show us how to go. My father thanked him and told him he thought we could manage to get along nevertheless, he went with us to the end of his plantation, wished us a safe journey and turned back. We felt relieved and continued on for some distance but the boys did not make their appearance. My mother was very uneasy about them, but after he (sic) had traveled five miles they came into the road out of the pine woods, all safe and sound.

"After this, we rattled along in our stage coach on our journey without accident. Finally we began to hear rumors about the Creek Indians, that they had been passing along with white prisoners near the Tennessee river. When we got within two or three days of the Tennessee river we had to cross a small stream, Bear creek. The Indians kept a ferry there and a boat to carry people over. The water was low and father concluded to ford it. The Indians did not seem to like it very well. We had a very valuable dog that a soldier gave us when the troops broke camp at Natchez. This dog would frequently lag behind us to run after game in the woods. After we forded the creek all right there was an Indiana (sic) boy followed along behind us with a bow and arrows but we paid not attention to him. However, after a mile or two our dog came up to us with the foreleg broken just below the shoulder. The Indian boy had shot him with an arrow. We carried the poor dog along in the coach for a while, but his leg was so badly shattered that he had to be put out of his misery."

- *New Albany Tribune 11 January 1935, p. 2, col. 2*

CARLETON LETTERS. INSTALLMENT FIVE. One of my earliest recollections is of being taken to a circus one hot summer afternoon in a tent 'under the hill' and of a terrible storm coming up. As the tent threatened to blow over, every one crawled out as soon as possible and in any way he could get out. My father helped me down from the seat and lifted the edge of the tent so that we could slip under. Then we walked up that hill – the very long hill – in a driving rain which entirely ruined my new hat, a birthday present worn for the first time that day. Perhaps it is that early recollection that makes Mrs. Emma Carleton's story of the big wind over a Chautauqua tent in New Albany so funny to me.

"This month 'somewhere' the Chautauqua tent ripped up in a high wind in a cloud burst and collapsed on about two thousand people", she writes. "We are still hearing details from friends who were there and some quite funny. Everybody's clothes were ruined, all had to crawl out in the wet. One friend had an umbrella, and a fan and when she emerged she had two umbrellas and two fans and lost one of each before she reached other shelter.

Two friends of ours were left standing in the cloud burst in the place where the tent split, sole survivors looking on the mass of people struggling, wriggling, climbing over chairs, etc. One devoted 'auntie' lost a little niece, found her at the park gate wet to the bone, tied up in somebody's red tablecloth. Various ladies rejoiced that they had left their hats at home; others were seen carrying their hats by the feathers, looking like drowned roosters or hens – the hats, I mean.

"One lady removed her hat early in the afternoon on condition that her companion help her get it on again – it required four hat pins. [This dates the letter as the early nineteen hundreds.] The stormburst and the 'companions' never saw the lady-of-the-four-hatpins again. They heard, however, that all her clothes were ruined. A hygienic lady was seen crawling over chairs with sandals on but no stockings. Well, I hope all this will make you laugh. I call our beloved home "The incredible town of New Albany, which it sholy (sic) is!"

In the next letter she tells of her stay on the hilltop – a place on Silver hills: "And my landlady-on-the-hill, who charges me only two dollars a month for my farm room sunrises, sunsets, hills, woods, lanes, meadows, calf pasture, hay stacks, corn fields, 'hand-outs' of pumpkin pie and gingerbread thrown in, to say nothing of fresh air, cream, milk, moon rises and moon sets, with 'the gentle hum of conversation' thrown in, too – betwixt Mrs. Green, Alice and myself – oh, how can I part with all that! I couldn't so I have to skirmish – and it's hard, hard work.

"Get your Wordsworth right out and commit to memory the sonnet to Hayden: 'High in our calling, friends, creative art,' etc. Great is the glory but the strife is hard.'

"I'm wearing my old hat and cloak this winter and golf gloves – job lot fifteen cents a pair. My hat was a stitched English hat – brown, of course, cost six dollars four years ago, sort of cavalier shape, very much admired and doesn't go out of style. Maybe I'll get some new bows on it (more likely I won't). My

cloak is an old brown steamer cape with plaid hood, awfully comfy but, of course, way out of style. Last year there were two of us in town – the other was a black and white one worn by Miss Ada Peters, a young woman who owns our Daily Ledger. We organized "The Steamer Cape Club," but she telephoned the other day to say that she had sold hers to a darkey, so now I am in it with that colored lady and she doesn't know it and I don't know her name.

"Life is full of these charming little mysteries. The other night, going over to my doctor's I saw two men racing along like mad – one was a little man with floppy overcoat, slouch hat, just the cut for a villain. The other, taller, no overcoat, and carried over his shoulder a misshapen, huge bundle in heavy blue cloth, didn't look like a wash, looked like loot of some kind or other. I like my job of going to the doctor and tagged the man two blocks – it was half past six and dark. They met another man on the corner as if by the neatest appointment and all three slid away in a great hurry. My illness seemed about over. I spent the dollar on a load of wood for my den and it goes up in incense to you every day. Really between you and me and the woodpile, it is lovely to be poor, except when you get a dreadful spasm of being afraid you might get too poor!"

- *New Albany Tribune 18 January 1935, p. 2, col. 2*

CARLETON LETTERS. INSTALLMENT SIX. One of the first bottle collections in this state, probably the first, was that of Mrs. Emma Carleton of New Albany, and in the early nineteen hundreds she wrote an article on her bottles for the Century, and later one for the House Beautiful. Mr. Drake, art editor of the Century publications, became correspondent and in some of her letters she quotes him and mentions his having sent her a bottle. She kept the collection in the old carriage house of the Nunemacher place, and the bottles were set on shelves across the window; that is, all except the huge steamboat bottles of Bohemian glass with the words "Sherry" and "Port". She told us once that some of her rare bottles came from the porters of Louisville hotels, who found them left behind by travelers and sold them for a trifle.

In a letter written in December, 1916, she says:

"Just now I am head over ears in a bottle article – another magazine – which was requested by an editor who saw my House Beautiful article. In reading up for it, I have been looking for bottles in pictures; you would be amazed to know how much artists have used the bottle as a touch of human interest in painting. In the old 'Dutch Masters' it appears almost invariably. In pictures I have found some lovely bottles, even in a picture of Christ; in the background Martha, is it? – or Mary – is placing fruit upon the table and a beautiful wicker-covered bottle. There is also a 'Madonna of the Ink Bottle."

The mention of the pictures reminds her of something else. "Pictures are great educators," she says. "The other day I saw a queer brass-spiked thing at a junk shop; I wanted it on general principles, but I didn't know what it was at all – neither did the junk woman. Yesterday in an old picture, I saw a "brass thing" just like it – it was an old-fashioned altar candlestick, at a deathbed scene. So last night I posted off after dinner up to the Jeffersonville junk shop and got me the "brass thing." (It seems to me it must have been stolen from some Catholic church, but I can't do anything about it. The face, which I thought was Shakespeare, turns out to be Saint Joseph, and, on the other sides are Christ and the Virgin Mary. What adds to my pleasure is that J.M. and H.P., two young men friends who are collectors, [*Editor's Note – "J.M." and "H.P." are believed to refer to John E. P. Mitchell, local bookbinder, and Harvey Peake, who writes the "Gossip" column for The Tribune each Saturday.*] will be partially deranged when they see my acquisition. 'All collectors are crazy' some one has said. Well, that's enough about 'junk'."

In another letter of earlier date (1903), she thanks a friend for the gift of some bottles:

"Really, you ought to go into the bottle business! The fat green one is Moorish, the counterpart – only larger – of the one Mr. Drake sent me. And the other one – only think of having a "pop" bottle with Melrose Abbey blown in the glass! I can hardly stand it. What do we know about Ennis, the word on the bottle? There is 'Ennisfallen' in Scotland somewhere. I am just delighted with both of them – they are rare and precious. The little glass marble is most unique:

it is designed, I suppose, to moderate and modulate the gurgle of the refreshing fluid as it is tipped up to the lips. Really, that bottle is enough 'to drive one to drink' – to drink 'pop', anyway.

"I have a lovely 'English pop bottle with two dolphins on end under the spray of falling fountains. Do take to bottle collecting, I have duplicates I should love to give you. My window is a dream."

On one page is pasted a photograph of the window, which she says "Looks like stained glass" with the sunlight streaming through the many colored bottles, but the picture is so dark that the Uncle Sam bottle which she mentions cannot be recognized, nor the old coverlet in the corner.

In a letter of 1905, she speaks of two articles she had written on Henry James being accepted by the editor of the New York Times Book Review, and of taking the money to buy more of James' books. Evidently her friend had sent her a bottle bought at a rag fair, and she says: "Horace Walpole would have liked this bit of a bottle – he had a bottle collection as he had everything. I am slow writing about it and hope to get it in the House Beautiful. I told you, did I not, that I have a catalogue of Walpole's effects at the time his collections were sold; found it second-hand – a great treasure."

- *New Albany Tribune 5 February 1935, p. 2, col. 5*

CARLETON LETTERS. INSTALLMENT SEVEN. "Mother's Cousin Jo, from Louisville" – how many, I wonder, have relatives like this one Mrs. Emma Carleton describes in a letter to Mrs. Bertha Jaques of Chicago in 1907.

"Well, then, Mother's Cousin Jo from Louisville dropped down on us just as dinner was over one day. No pen could tell you what that means. All the Burn-Jones girls" (her name for her sisters and herself) "stayed awake that night – even Mother didn't sleep till 2 o'clock. 'Cousin Jo' is about the last of Mother's cousins. She married an 'intemperate gent' of a fine Louisville family, herself at that time forty years ago, a belle and a beauty with 'great musical ability.' Now they are poor and he still stays 'intoxicationary' and she has a terrible time of it. But she has the dreadful Shields old-French vivacity (Nance vivacity, rather, the Huguenot side) and as she descants only on her troubles, her former conquests (she is now 68) and her craze for spiritualism, she nearly sets us all wild. Her grit and her spirits are really wonderful, we feel sorry for her and ought to stand her cheerfully because she seems to enjoy it when she comes, but she is really as a visitor a terror.

"I was dying rags for rugs so I whisked in an out to suit myself and went to bed twice, and came back again and even then was three-fourths dead when she left at half past four in the afternoon. I told Lisbeth that Cousin Jo would make a fine monologue – 'A Chautauqua of One' for she 'orated' and lectured on Spiritualism and recited her poetry, (awful stuff written to dead relatives of recent date) and played and sang (without invitation), and otherwise seemed to be entertaining herself well, oh yes, and gave us the entire plots of several novels she had read lately – a performance which I simply hate, don't you?

"She talked all the time we were arranging her dinner – everything was cold but she never seems to know what she is eating, so busy talking that cold potatoes and beefsteak and cold butter beans, etc., seem to go off with a good relish. I said to Mary, "Well, we'll have to make a new deal on melons,' meaning that our two melons must be cut again to count in Cousin Jo, and Jo never heard a word I said,

"One great trouble is that she takes me for her greatest admirer – which I am not, though I pity the poor thing – and makes me the center of her brilliant discourses. The 'center' didn't stay stationary, however, I went in and out to suit my other business or I should have had a collapse of some kind.

"Cousin Jo is still fine-looking tall and straight, with rich brunette complexion like a ripe pear, fine brown eyes, large nose, very grey hair and carries herself as if she were Somebody. Keeps a parrot and puts on her little black bonnet without looking at herself in the glass, - there's 68 year old confidence in one's looks for you!

"When my husband first met her he said afterwards, 'Oh gracious, have you got any more cousins like that!' He was a quiet man and she frightened him half to pieces – being with her is like trying to walk with a person who is jumping up and down all the time.

"Well, that's enough about Cousin Jo. Mother had written her asking her why she hadn't been over, so now we have threatened Mother that if she writes to her again for a year we will all go to bed when she comes and let her – Mother – personally conduct the whole visit. I'll wager you haven't any cousins like Cousin Jo. I know she is the only one in the United States. Oh, yes, described – full, length – the drowning of a remote cousin recently at Brigantine beach and the death bed of her own brother, who was recently found dead of heart disease – she enjoys horrors of all kinds."

- *New Albany Tribune 20 February 1935, p. 6, col. 4*

CARLETON LETTERS. INSTALLMENT EIGHT. An early Ohio river pilot was mentioned in one of the letters of Mrs. Emma Carleton which appeared in this column a few days ago, and this mention has brought the following letter from Mrs. Emmett Durkee of Anderson, Ind.:

"I am a constant reader of your column and imagine my amazement on reading it on Sunday, December 23, to find something concerning my family.

"The John Scott Elder mentioned was my great-grandfather, and only the 4th of December I visited the place he built in 1836 for his family. My grandmother, his only living daughter, past 87 years old, and his uncle soon to be 98 are still living just three miles from the place of their birth. I am very sure a cousin of mine has the manuscript you mention, as I have often heard it spoken about when I was a child.

"I wonder if you would be so kind as to send me the address of Mrs. Carleton so that I can write her concerning some dates and information that I know the book must contain.

"I have a cousin who has spent the last year collecting data for a family history. My great-grandfather was the first pilot on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and I have heard many tales of the experiences he had during his life on the river. His wife, my great-grandmother, was a direct descendant of Dr. Thomas Walker who lived at Castle Hill plantation, Albermarle county, Virginia, now owned and occupied by Prince and Princess Pierre Tranbetskcy (Amalie River) "also a descendant. I suppose the Silver Hills mentioned in the letter are near New Albany."

I hoped when I used that story of Mrs. Carleton's written by the old river pilot, that it would bring an answer 'out of the air' which would tell something of one of the most interesting chapters of Ohio river history, but did not think I could hear of him so soon. Mrs. Carleton has been dead a number of years and I fear there is no way of finding out just how she acquired this information concerning the old river pilot. However, I shall write her sister in Louisville, to learn if she remembers anything about it. In the meantime, I should like to know more of John Scott Elder's history as Mr. Durkee knows it.

"We were at Mr. Paine's the day before, and he had asked us to go with them to Mr. Steele's studio to see his picture. So George, Fan and I met him up on Tinker street at two o'clock and went into the studio.

Who remembers Sixteenth street when it was Tinker street and on the spot where stands the Art Institute, stood a rambling old house half hidden by trees and vines, in which lived Theodore Steele?

The paragraph is in a letter written to Emma Carleton in 1891, during a visit to Indianapolis, she continued:

"The paintings were beautiful, all Indiana scenery, and much of it could have been painted on the Budd Road." (a road out of New Albany) "One picture, 'A Painter's Paradise' was like that old cabin without a roof that was crawled into.

"Well, Mr. Riley came while we were there. Mr. Paine had told him we were going, and he had paid me the compliment of saying that he would rather meet me than anybody in Indiana. When he came in, after greeting some of the others, he walked up to me and introduced himself. His remarks were just like Riley. He said from what he knew of my writing he knew that I was his kind of fellow. I was a little overpowered by the situation but soon got over it and we had a good talk.

"I told him we had 'Billy Goodin' in our family and he laughed immoderately and said, 'What! A-eatin' and a-eatin' and a-eatin!?"

This letter is incomplete.

In 1914, in a letter to Mrs. Jacques of Chicago, Mrs. Carleton writes: "I am sending the enclosed card to you because it belongs to you. J. M. R. (Riley), do you see, dictated it to me because I sent him a Scissor letter last winter – bless his heart! Like you, he has talent for friendship – did I tell you that? Because he was always saying he felt indebted to me. I wrote Mr. Eitel asking him to prevent his uncle lying awake nights on account of his gratitude to me; to hint to him that he might send me a coconut in the shell. Fannie Friable had one sent her, postage only four cents, and bless Gideon, if they didn't whirl in and send me the biggest coconut on earth – postage 10 cents. Then afterwards he sent me a box of grape fruit, fine ones. Isn't it terrible to be as Popular as I am? I don't know what to do about it. So now I whirl off a post card at Mr. Riley whenever I can, trying to get even for that 20 cents."

In a letter of 1893 she speaks of her writing.

"I have been busy all winter 'climbing up the ever-climbing wave,' and my writing has not been altogether valueless. If I increase as much next year as I have this year I may be 'somebody' yet. The only way I can accomplish anything is by insisting on having my mornings after housework is over. I take to my room and nothing but the house being on fire will draw me out again. Now it is warm, I begin to feel lazy, and fear my energy will fail me.

"I have had acceptances from Puck, Wide Awake, Kate Field's Washington, Harper's Bazaar, the New York World, all of which is paid work, of course. 'Never say die' is my motto, as it is more patience than talent that will win, in time. The Journal (Indianapolis) also voluntarily paid me for some matter which was a pleasant surprise. I tell you all this because I know you take an interest in my labors."

- *New Albany Tribune 21 February 1935, p. 2, col. 3*

CARLETON LETTERS. INSTALLMENT NINE. "Thanks for your solicitude my dear. We are a good two blocks from the big Ohio," wrote Emma Carleton of New Albany in an undated letter evidently written at the time of some "flood" to an anxious friend. "It runs immense and silvery before my very eyes right now – a disastrous old stream but a beautiful! Last night, just before sunset – we had a lovely bright day – I went up on the east end of Main street about seven blocks to go on the K & I bridge and look down over the submerged river front and the wide waste of waters. The wind was blowing a gale, too.

"At the bridge toll gate I met Dr. Harris, the very man I want to see as it often happens, and he very gallantly paid my way and we went on the bridge together. I wanted to ask him if he could not do something to rescue what was left of a fine natural history collection which the town once had – my father helped collect it – and I had learned that through carelessness and neglect it had been stored in a school house cellar where the boys had got into it and were tossing crinoids and arrow heads around the street – think of it! He got as mad as I wanted him to get and said he would 'do something about it at once – by thunder!' That's the kind of talk I want to hear when I'm worked up myself, don't you?

"The Ohio river was a 'sight' indeed – water all over everything in view and even touching the hills down at the bend. All the lowland farms are under water and much of the town. We hope the clear cold spell will give it a chance to run off without getting higher.

The next fragment of a letter tells of a fern hunting excursion to Charlestown. The beginning of the letter is missing.

"…under the noble old trees set apart as in a large city park – beautiful glades between – glades! Then we came to huge boulders of glorious old time-blackened limestone and there we stopped. Our own county (Floyd) is sandstone and different ferns are found in limestone country."

"Our day was glorious. The woods were beautiful; the October sunshine so misty and changeful it seemed all too good to be true. Lisbeth greedily searched the moss-covered boulders, which were as big as small cabins, for the ferns and found four new ones, one the 'walking fern' also 'Woodsin.' I rampaged around generally and my spoils to bring home were puffballs for breakfast, walnuts for fudge and wild ginger for our apple sauce. Do you know wild ginger? It is fun to dig it – oh such a burst of good odor.

"We ate our rye bread sandwiches, gingerbread and grapes high up on the hill under a lovely yellow and brown beach (sic) and we saw a lovely limestone snake – silver gray – also chipmunks on the stone wall and rabbits. We had heard of a bull, but did not see him nor he us. I had a sad disappointment. We were going to bring home cress galore, but lost our way among the confusing boulders, lost the creek and the cress and straggled into the other end of Charlestown at four and a half o'clock, covered with ninety varieties of burrs and the like and no cress.

"But we met again the nice girl of the white farmhouse and I asked her why all that cress was not sent to Louisville to market; it would sell all summer long. She said people had said so but she couldn't believe it. Next spring may be I'll get a push cart and peddle cress myself – wouldn't that be charming? 'Cress! Nice fresh cress for breakfast! Cress!' Something like that would be my street cry.

"We did have a most glorious day of it; the red sky behind the little town of Charlestown and our engine headlights coming out of red and yellow woods around a curve up the black railway track. A whole day off does one a world of good."

- *New Albany Tribune 22 February 1935, p. 2, col. 3*

CARLETON LETTERS. INSTALLMENT TEN. I have spoken, at the time of using some of her letters in this column, of the study Mrs. Emma Carleton of New Albany had fitted up in what I thought was the old Nunemacher carriage house. I have just discovered in one of her letters to a friend a description of the study. The letter is dated January 5, 1895.

"Father had an old billiard room at the end of our lot. Last summer I had it emptied of storage and moved into it to write. This winter we had the floor painted olive green and have gradually furnished it, after a fashion, and it is the joy of our hearts. Had I told you about it?

"We have had innumerable 'afternoon teas' out there for a few friends, and when the weather is not bitter we are 'open' every Friday night to the coterie of eight friends who 'belong'. Last Friday night we had an oyster supper in our chafing dish and tonight we were going to make Welsh rarebit, but it has sleeted and the affair is off.

"You can get an idea of the size of the room, the fact that we have our couches out there, two large tables, three lesser ones, five chairs, two floor pillows, a central rug and seven small ones, a stove and a screen, footstools, etc., etc. Aggie's couch and mine too, are old Episcopal church pews covered with draperies and pillows – they look quite oriental. Lizzie's and Jenny Day's are made of boxes, long and low, upholstered. I have my Buddha out there and we burn incense, Japanese lantern and green candles and do all sorts of drolleries. How I wish you could be with us. Would you come down for over Sunday sometime in the spring? We would give you a Saturday night orgy in the den and I generally have Saturday, Sunday and Monday rather free from the 'drudgery of the dead wood.' I ought not to write that, however, for I really love my work."

In another letter describing housecleaning, the letter dated "Joel Scribner-ville, April – Friday afternoon," she tells how they came to call themselves "The Burne-Jones Girls."

"I had to come home today to help clean house and all day I've been 'wrestling' with our garret stairs, the horridest job in the whole house, and it is my job because I've two book shelves up on the landing, half way up to the attic trap door. This year I concluded to carry all the stuff up on the roof to beat the dust out instead of down and out on the back porch.

It was good fun to sit on the top step and look down on green New Albany 'in April clad' while I thumped the magazines and books and wisht that my "Maw" had had more sense than to go and get herself married to a bookseller. Books are just hateful in housecleaning time. That's awfully ungrateful, too, for books are really the main pleasure of our lives, is it not so?

"I must tell you that we've named ourselves "The Burne-Jones Girls.' You remember that picture of girls on the stair – we never can remember whether they are going up or down. At nine o'clock we four trail to bed – Mother, Mary, Lisbeth, and I, as we generally forget a lot of things, and often make several

trips, there's so much passing on the stairs that we seem a dozen instead of four, and it gets funny. Today we three had to lug a light bookcase from the den in the yard to the attic landing, and as we grunted up the stairs with it, I said: 'Well this is a tough job for the Burne-Jones Girls' and we all laughed so we nearly fell down stairs with the bookcase on top of the Burne-Jones. Really, now, I'm not sure that those girls were not Dante Gabriel Rossetti's girls, were they?"

In another letter she mentions the house having been built by an old river captain.

"One evening I peeped through the crack into Lisbeth's room and said: 'What y' putting' on and whatcher goin' to do?' And she said, 'I'm putting on a sacque and I'm going to cut the grass.' And I said, 'Me, too, I'll rake apples and we'll have a real old backyard time. And we did, hat (sic) on the front steps after dark – we have no porch but two long flights of stone steps with a broad walk between. The house was built by a river captain and he did the front up in good shape – too much 'shape' for folks who have to dig their own bricks. Our old apple tree in the back yard keeps the grass in a bad mess and, between boys climbing over the wall for apples and us trying to sick Shep on them, we don't have time to get dull."

In a letter of 1888, she speaks of the art editor of the Century, Mr. Drake, having sent her some more bottles for her collection.

"Mr. Drake sent me three lovely bottles – two Italian and one Moorish, the latter a beautiful green. And Mrs. Lesser, my artist friend in New York, sent me a large wicker-covered bottle with glass spout and ice chamber, also Italian. A friend here sent me a little gilded porcelain bottle from Venice, so my bottles are increased by five treasures."

- *New Albany Tribune 12 March 1935, p. 2, col. 3*

CARLETON LETTERS. INSTALLMENT NO. 11. In 1875, Emma Nunemacher of New Albany married P. J. Carleton and came to Indianapolis to live. During the brief period of her married life here, Mrs. Carleton was writing humorous items for Puck and Life, and also an occasional letter to the New Albany Ledger-Standard. Some of these have been preserved in scrapbooks by Mrs. Carleton's sister, Miss Elizabeth Nunemacher, and recently lent to this column. In one of the letters to the New Albany paper, she tells something of an Indianapolis lecture course.

"Next week we are to have a short course of lectures at the Academy. On Monday night, the Woodhull [Victoria Woodhull] will expatiate on 'The True and the False Socially.' We had hoped that Indianapolis was too moral to give her house room, but Manager Maculey is but mortal and greenbacks and winning ways are strong arguments. So, to take the taste of her out of our mouths, we will have on Tuesday night Mocure D. Conway on "The Devil."

* * *

"Having an acquaintance with this gentleman [Conway, not his majesty] from his letters to the Cincinnati Commercial and his articles in Harper's Monthly on 'Saunterings in England,' much interest is manifested, as elsewhere, not so strongly developed as the fun-loving, but we can give a good lecturer an appreciative reception. On Wednesday night – shame on us – we are to have Theodore Tilton on 'The Problem of Life.' Doesn't your mouth water? Engravings of his Byonic neck and Joaquin Miller hair are displayed in all the show windows. On Thursday night, after we have given thanks for getting rid of Tilton, we can hear the mysteries of woman life, if we like, as Ann Eliza, Brigham Young's divorced wife, will tell what she knows about Utah. Ann Eliza is a 'fine figger of a woman.' Her portrait adorns the show windows in juxtaposition with Theodore Tilton's. Perhaps they will meet and discover an affinity between them."

* * *

The next year, 1876, the street railway was under discussion.

"We have been suffering the usual reaction from the gayety of the holidays and longing for 'something to turn up' and break the horrible monotony. Relief came in the shape of war between our street car line and our omnibus line, which has just sprung into existence. You have probably heard rumors that we are behind the times as far as conveniences are concerned. Dismiss this rumor from your mind henceforth and forever, for we have an omnibus line and are happy. The English language is too limited to allow me to give you any idea of the dissatisfaction which has been felt toward our street car management.

* * *

"On our Illinois street line especially this noble independence has been made most manifest. Such waiting on switches and such dragging along between them, half on and half off the track, no mortal ever experienced outside of Indianapolis. The cars are filthy and rickety to a degree that can not be imagined and are drawn or supposed to be drawn by the most miserable,

wretched looking horses that ever vision encountered. On last Wednesday, an omnibus line came down like a wolf on the fold' and street car circles are consequently much agitated. The street car company seems to have some life still existing if we can judge from the following card which appeared in the papers since the advent of the omnibuses.

"The Citizens Street Hallway Company, realizing that competition is the life of trade, have put the fare down on the Illinois street line to two cents from Tinker street [now Sixteenth street] to the Union Depot, and if necessary will equip the road with new cars and run for nothing. Two corporations can not live on the receipts of any line to the city, and having the nerve and wherewith to stand a long siege, the company will open up warfare tomorrow morning, January 7th, 1876. They will also commence to double track Illinois street tomorrow.'

* * *

"We hope the competition will exist pro bono publico," continues Mrs. Carleton. "The omnibus line is well patronized and a ride in one of these vehicles is certainly an enjoyable novelty; the very act of climbing into one seems citified and New Yorkish, and pulling the strap and poking 5 cents through the little round hole in the roof is a treat indeed. The height from the ground gives one a sense of loftiness which is refreshing, and being able to look down upon the poor street car plowing its way along a beaten track while we roll from one side of the street to another as our driver's fancy dictates is untold bliss. Down with the street cars and up with the omnibus!"

- *New Albany Tribune 27 March 1935, p. 4, col. 6*

CARLETON LETTERS. Installment No. 12. "Having read of some of the letters of Mrs. Emma Carleton in this column Mrs. Frederic Krull of this city noticed perhaps the more quickly in the list of a seller of autographs in New York, the notice of a letter written to Mrs. Carleton by James Whitcomb Riley. The Carleton scrapbook, by the way, reveals the fact that Mrs. Carleton and Riley exchanged letters occasionally. The extract from the letter given in the catalogue is amusing enough to reprint.

* * *

"Dear Mrs. Carleton: - But alas me! Yours is a WOMAN'S CLUB and no man CAN say anything BEFORE a woman's club – only behind its back. Before a gathering of his own kind, almost any 'understudy of a man' LOOMS UP with a look of dazed surprise and deep thought and recites his impromptu remarks BEAUtifully and feelingly and with just enough wobble in his voice to make his sympathetic fellows – from Master of Ceremonies down to the little bench-leg guest who has later on somewhere to fire his first invited poem – all avert their eyes, stare into their plates, and heave their bleak distorted shirt fronts like so many horrific wax figures of 'THE SLEEPING BEAUTY' – must needs stand raptly abashed and mute before the mastery of - WOMAN…He don't know WHY he GOT UP – where to begin or what on earth may be the use any how. His DAY of usefulness is plain MIDNIGHT – his cake is DOUGH, etc."

- *New Albany Tribune 29 March 1935, p. 5, col. 3*